

Love, Hate, Sex, Pain

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Summary: Kevin Owens/Sami Zayn. Set Post-Raw after Wrestlemania, sequel to Orbit. He wanted to hurt something now, hurt himself, but only able to do nothing but get out the words he wanted to ignore most. The chair shot from Sami had hurt less than this. So much less. Part Two of Duality.

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By: PhoenixJustice

Disclaimer: The wrestlers own themselves, the gimmicks are owned by WWE/NXT. I only own this story and make no profit from this.

Warning: Sexual times, slash, painplay, bloodplay, etc.

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A/N: Title taken from Godsmack's song of the same name.

Italics are for flashbacks.

Part Two in
Duality.

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"Ooh!"

He pauses, in the middle of grabbing more of the chicken salad. Fuck. And he had thought catering had finally been emptied of people. Not that he was scared to deal with people (he'd beat the shit out of anyone who said so), but after everything that had happened so recently...maybe he wanted some fucking time alone without listening to the garbage out of everyone else's mouth.

He wanders-plate in hand-over to the source of the noise. In one of the tucked in corners was Bayley, apparently watching a match; the arena was still a bit behind the times (i.e. cheap) so she was stuck watching it on an old school huge tv, set on a table, versus the flatscreen's that lined most places (he may have talked shit about NXT a few times, but at least it was up to date with the times.)

She doesn't appear to notice his arrival, too engrossed in the match, her hands moving at certain things in the match, her mouth saying some stuff he couldn't make out, her eyes wide. What the hell was she even doing here, anyway? He had heard rumors she was coming up soon, but usually that entailed getting a look around WWE Headquarters, meeting with some higher up's, shit like that (he'd know, as he had to do all that. The handshaking and smiling with everyone sucked.)

"Ohmygod," Bayley says in a rush, voice surprisingly quiet given that they were the only two in the room (and she still didn't seem to see him.) "Those knee strikes."

That makes an unpleasant feeling in his stomach stir. He sets his plate of food down on one of the catering tables before walking closer to her. He takes a closer look at the television screen.

On the screen Corey Graves was yelling out excitedly and Tom Phillips was relaying a move.

His blood starts to boil again, this time in anger again instead of the anger that was...instead of...

The other wrestler seems to finally realize that someone else was in the room, as she suddenly turns, eyes widening comically as she takes in the sight of Kevin standing there. He could only imagine what his expression was-if he hadn't been too busy dealing with the twisting emotions deep inside of him. While he hadn't been friends with the female wrestler by any stretch, she hadn't given any reason to be unduly angry with her (though her wanting to hug everyone and being generally a happy person was a bit annoying to him.)

"Oh! Uh, I didn't know anyone else was in here. I just wanted to find a quiet place to catch up on the PPV," she babbles. "I didn't get a chance to see any of the other matches as they were happening. And-"

His eyes are glued to the screen against his will, watching the play between Nakamura and Sami, the knee strikes, Sami's kicks, the-

"-you're not listening to a word I'm saying, are you?"

Somehow he manages to tear his eyes from the screen to glance at her. His expression apparently was enough to make her frown.

"I know it's...it's a bit...yeah," she says lamely, looking away. "I can turn it off if you want." She grabs the remote and starts to hit something, but his hand grabs hers.

"Leave it alone." He says, voice low.

She shivers a bit, but puts down the remote (after he removes his hand.) They both stand there for a moment and he quickly forgets she's even there as he continues to watch the match, entranced despite himself. The way Sami moved, it was magic; he could at least admit that to himself, even now. His eyes move across the screen, watching him and Nakamura fighting one another, and his hands clench against his sides.

That was not right. It was wrong. For Sami to fight Nakamura like that, to get that fire in his eyes, that... it was only ever supposed to be directed at him.

He looks up at Sami, even offering his mask back. Despite the torn mask and blood, the severe beating that he-they both-had taken, he could still see the fire in those eyes. It lights something deep in him. He wants to dig into it, into Sami. The chants from the crowd, the yelling, all of that is but a distant hum in his head. All he can see is Sami. All he can hear is Sami.

Sami lifts the chair up-

"Oh wow." Bayley's voice says softly to the side of him, startling him out of his watching. He turns to glare at her (surely the match wasn't that exciting-okay, so it was, but he'd never ever admit it) but she isn't looking at the screen, but at him. Her eyes are wide again, looking at Kevin with a strange expression on her face.

"What?" He grits out. "What the fuck are you looking at?"

"You're jealous, aren't you?" She says.

That stops him cold.

He sneers at her. "Jealous? For being able to wrestle an overhyped indy darling? Been there, done that."

She looks a bit nervous, but presses on anyway. "Not about that. It's-" She glances at the tv and he can't help but do the same. Sami and Nakamura were now laying into each other with stiff forearms, the chants of the crowd, the noise from the crowd, was electric. She turns back to him, looking a bit scared, but determined. She presses on. "You're jealous he's there with Sami."

"Shut up."

"You don't want Sami to look at Nakamura. Or anyone else. You want him to look at-"

"I said shut up!"

His hands are out quickly, pushing the tv off the table and onto the floor. It skids to the floor with a very loud crunching sound, bits and pieces flying everywhere. Bayley lets out a shriek, jumping away.

He stands there, breathing heavily.

Shouts from outside the room move into his hearing moments later and he walks off, past the people flooding into the room, ignoring all of them as they try to question him.

He manages to get around one of the corner's of the hallway before pausing, fist hitting the wall, shaking.

"Damn
it."

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He hadn't been near Sami since that day. For all that they were supposed to be at each others throats, he gets kicked out by Shane McMahon during Raw (to be sent back to the nearest hotel, punished like a child. Who really thought letting the punk kid of Vince run the show was a good idea? When Kevin tried to point out the fact that _he_ hadn't gotten his rematch for the Intercontinental title yet, _he_ gets in trouble for it! For pointing out what was so obviously true!) and unable to get near him.

Instead he has to see Sami go all out in a match against (another) indy darling, AJ Styles.

It was like a car wreck, a trainwreck, leaving him unable to do anything but watch.

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Lucky for him (as he didn't want to have to pay for another) he doesn't destroy the tv in his room. Instead he leaves to take a shower, letting the water drip down his face, trying to find some sort of middle ground. Nothing comes.

He was going out of his mind again, could feel it. It happened every time. It happened during that whole year he and Sami had been feuding, back when the other man had hid behind a mask and called himself El Generico ("_The Generic?" He laughs, as Sami relays what name he decided on. "That's what it means, right? What're you gonna do though? You barely know any Spanish!" _

"It's fine." Sami says defensively. "No one really expects me to know much, or to say anything, really. I just need a good catchphrase...") and even back before that, when he and Sami had been tagging together and the nearness of Sami constantly has him feeling an itching, a some sort of _something_ that he constantly has to push in the back of his mind.

It had lessened with distance; when he had still been on the independent scene and Sami had been on NXT, it had been manageable. When he had left NXT and Sami had stayed behind, it had been

continues calmly, when he tries to speak up at that. "Even when you fought him back then. When it had been _like that_, _those_ battles-" She was talking about the year long feud in Ring of Honor he had had with Sami, after first severing their friendship ((his everything)) with a chair shot. They had been beyond brutal and even the usually unfazed Ring of Honor crowd had reacted in a huge way during his and Sami's match during Final Battle 2010. That match had been...he had no words for it and what it meant.

"No." He tries to protest. "_Je t'aime_, Karina. _Croyez-moi_." _I love you, Karina. Believe me_.

"_Je t'aime aussi_." _I love you too_. Her accent had gotten much better. "I believe you. You've never been anything less than amazing to me and to our children. Kevin, believe _me_ when I say that you have to end this. One way or another. For your _own _sake_."

"I can't," He says, shaking his head violently. "I _can't_. You don't understand. It's-"

"I understand, Kevin." She says, almost sadly. "It's _you _who doesn't see how things actually are."

"Don't," He swallows against a lump in his throat. "Don't talk like that. Like things are _over_."

"They're not over. They'll...probably never be over." Her voice _is_ sad now. "I've known that all along. I knew we were living on borrowed time. But still, I'll never be ungrateful for it. Nor for what it gave us both in our children. And I know you love them, like you love me. But this...this is something I can't give to you and I can't ever give it to you."

He lets out a low wounded sound in his throat.

"But can you," She starts, her voice sounding teary now. "Can you at least let me know what _started_ it? What started it all?"

He shakes his head, over and over again for a moment. He clutches the phone like a lifeline for a moment, before forcing himself to let out a breath. He answers her. He owed her that.

"It was..."

_"You idiot." Sami says playfully. "You __**know**__ that they don't speak French here!"_

"Vous Ãªtes un idiot , pas moi." He mutters. You are an idiot, not me. "It's been awhile since I've had to speak English so much! It's not like it's the main language in Marieville."

_"Well, the pizza guy's expression was more than enough to make up for all the grease, __**that's**__ for sure. Maybe speak more English next time though?"_

He turns to make some sort of remark back to Sami, but gets stopped in his tracks. It was...

"...he _smiled _at me," He chokes out, not noticing the wetness drip down his cheeks. "And he didn't even seem to notice anything. He

turned around for another stupid piece of that fucking pizza like _it meant nothing_. Like he hadn't changed _everything_. When I-when I-" He wanted to hurt something now, hurt himself, but only able to do nothing but get out the words he wanted to ignore most. The chair shot from Sami had hurt less than this. So much less.

"Oh, Kevin."

He
weeps.

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The one time he actually _wants_ to see Sami-and admits it to himself-he can't find him. He'd have said the man was _avoiding_ him, but considering they had been having it out, that didn't make too much sense. Then again though...considering what they had so briefly shared in Kevin's hotel room...maybe he didn't want to have to face Kevin.

He didn't like that possibility at all. Or that the _thought_ of it bothered him.

But it was getting to the point where even _he_ could no longer ignore himself.

Hotel? Nope, no Sami (despite him being so very, very close that one time and hadn't _that_ been awkward, the day after, with Sami literally across the hall from him?)

Outside an arena, signing autographs like the other goody two shoes? Nope. Which was really surprising, as Sami never missed out on an opportunity like that (and it showed; the fans seemed disappointed he wasn't out there. And even John Cena being out there, still hurt but mending, didn't seem to make them happy-a fact he smiles widely, like a shark, at.)

Catering? Nope. It was filled with a lot of other people though, including-Kevin noted-Bayley, who has a plethora of other wrestlers around her, them glaring at Kevin as if he had did something personally to the wrestler or planned to. Which he neither did nor cared to do. He glares back at them, feeling a faint feeling of vindictive glee when a few of them turn from his gaze, looking a bit paler. He still had it.

He doesn't catch him at the trainer's in the back, where he could have possibly been getting some extra tape before Raw started, as he might have expected.

He nearly starts pulling his hair out. He makes sure to glare at everyone who _dares_ stare at him or try and say something as he stalks up and down the arena.

No Sami.

He is nearly ready to give up, and just wait near Gorilla until his own match (against Miz. With no title on the line. Could you say _unfair_? Shane McMahon could kiss his ass) but then he hears what he's been waiting to hear _all fucking day_.

Sami was talking.

Off to the side, Renee Young was grilling Sami on what he planned to do in his match later on against Cesaro. He stops, unable to do anything but stare at them. At him. He wore his usual windbreaker and hat, his usual Sami Zayn shirt and pants, boots, all of it. But it was like he had never seen him before.

Sami seems to feel eyes on him this time though (unlike the last time, when Kevin manages to get the jump on him), turning in the middle of Renee's sentence to look behind him.

Time seems to stop.

Or, at least it felt that way to Kevin. He stares directly into Sami's face and can only wonder at his own expression as Sami looks at him. To Renee, to the people watching Raw, he supposed it looked determined, their looks at each other, but no, it was so, so much more. At least, it was that way for him. With Sami he could only wonder. Wonder and even possibly allow himself to hope.

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His match is actually on later after Sami's and he's not sure whether to feel grateful or angry about that.

It gives him time to stew, to think about a lot of previous unthinkables, to think about the past (both the good, the bad, and the bloody), to wonder about the future, and to try and ignore the fact that they were, him and Cesaro, putting on a hell of a match. Forearm here, uppercut there, a Blue Thunder Bomb somehow countered into the giant Swing...

He grins, despite himself, when Sami manages to get back at Cesaro-crowd rallying behind him with the Ole! chants-managing to get the Swiss man off his feet for another Blue Thunder Bomb and hits it this time with authority.

The slap of the referee's hand going 1, 2, 3 has him feeling prouder than he liked to admit to.

Sami comes back through the back first, getting a few congrats from wrestlers hovering around Gorilla Position, and stills as he notices Kevin sitting on one of the production crates in mostly dark. None of the others had noticed him there, but he wasn't at all surprised that Sami would snuff him out; he could always find Kevin. Always. Even when he did everything to not be found (chair shots, betrayal, blood, all of it...just leave me alone, his mind begged him then. STOP DOING THIS TO ME! he screamed, even when Sami hadn't really done anything at all.)

The other wrestlers finally notice him and take off (Cowards, his mind snickers.)

"Alright guys, no fighting, alright?" A referee sitting in Gorilla says nervously. He too just seemed to take note of Kevin sitting there (and obviously didn't want to be apart of whatever might happen

next.)

Sami says nothing, merely stares at Kevin. It burns into him. Burns, burns, burns, burns, _burns_-!

He leaves his position abruptly, walking off.

He didn't need to look back to know that Sami was following him.

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The arena was fairly big, and thus left a lot of empty locker rooms (as only so much of the roster arrived to Raw tonight.) He walks until he finds one deep in the back, the kind that there'd be little chance of being found or noticed and walks in, hearing Sami's soft footsteps behind him.

The door closes and he instantly turns around, pushing Sami against it. He doesn't try and stop him. His mouth is over Sami's before even _he_ realizes what he's doing. Sami lets out a gasp, but again does not stop him. He kisses him with a ferocity, a passion, mouth breaking apart Sami's lips, tongue sliding inside. Sami whimpers and he feels a thrill as the other man pulls him closer to him.

Sami.

As if reading his thoughts, Sami whispers Kevin's name against his lips, as if unable to stop himself. He finally pulls back, hands on either side of Sami's face, head against his.

"Kevin-" Sami starts. And then stops. He looked afraid.

He kisses him again, hungrily, wanting to savor it for as long as he could in case-when-things would eventually go sour. When Sami would realize that being here, with Kevin, was the biggest mistake in the world and would remember hating him. Would remember what led to the fracture between them to begin with.

Sami kisses back instantly, just as hungry and it causes Kevin to shiver. He pulls back again.

"Kevin." Sami says again, helplessly. He shakes his head, as if not sure what more to say (or if he could say something else at all.)

I'm sorry. "Hurt me." He says instead.

Sami's brows furrow. He was still a bit sweaty from his match with Cesaro, a few drops moving down his neck and it's all Kevin do to not lick down the path to taste it.

"What?"

"Hurt me." He repeats. "_Hurt me_." _If this is the only way, even if I can't have your forgiveness, I'll... I'll..._

What even do I truly want?

I want...

I want...

_Oh god. I __**want**__._

It hurt so badly. _Sami, __**please**__. _It hurt. He wanted him so badly that he can scarcely think of anything else.

Sami shakes now. He lets out a small keening sound.

"_Punish me. Make me pay._" _Just don't __**leave**__. I'll...I can't leave anymore. I tried. I tried and tried. Tried until I went fucking insane, tried by digging those thoughts into my own head, into my body, tried by marrying someone else, tried by being a good father-oh god, please let me have at least been good at __**that**__-tried until...there was nothing left._

There's nothing else left.

Only you. Only you and me. Whatever else...it's all that's left.

In response to Kevin's words, Sami grabs one of his hands, moving it to Sami's side. He looks at him, incomprehension in his eyes, until Sami presses Kevin's hand into his side, gasping softly. He must still have bruises there (or new ones from his match against Cesaro minutes earlier.)

He closes his eyes.

It couldn't be what it felt like. He didn't get those sorts of things in his life, had literally burnt that bridge when he slammed that chair into Sami (Sami looking at him so trustingly moments before, still secure in his mask, hugging him, getting emotional with him.)

"_No_." Someone grits out and it takes a moment for him to realize that it was himself speaking.

"_Yes_." Sami fires back. He places his hand on Kevin's face, causing him to gasp and open his eyes. The fire was still there, but there was something else. Something that he hadn't seen in a very long time. And something he didn't think he'd ever seen before (except in his fantasies he had once done everything to forget about.)

"If we do this, we do it together."

"Together, huh?" He says, slinging an arm around Sami's shoulders. Even with his face covered by the mask, Kevin could still see the mirth in there.

"Yep. Afraid so."

_"You __**do**__ know that if pictures of this ever get out, we'll never live it down, right?" He had to ask._

_Sami shrugs, a shy looking grin on his face. Kevin does his best not to look at it directly; it was like looking at the sun.

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"Probably." Though Sami sounded pretty unconcerned about that. "But at least—" _

"Look, you guys gonna ride or not?" The man in front of them asks, boredly. _

"Yep!" Sami says excitedly. "Teacups here we come!" _

"Why?" He chokes out, emotion clogging his throat. "_Why?"

Sami glances away. "Because...because how could I _not_? You're _you_ and I'm _me_ and I—" He breaks off, getting emotional himself. He seems to try and shake it off though, pulling at Kevin's shirt. He wasn't looking him in the eye. "Can we-?"

He sighs, but lets Sami take off his shirt. He still didn't feel _great_ about it, but, again, Sami didn't seem to mind at all. In fact, he looks all over Kevin now, eyes roaming over him with an almost hungry look.

It was lucky that Sami had been wrestling only shortly before, as it meant he was already shirtless, so Kevin could already touch some of that naked skin. He feels Sami's stomach tense under his hand as he touches him and he grins ferally. The skin is hot to the touch (or perhaps that was just his own skin) and he ignores the urge to rub against it.

He feels like he has things under control, so when Sami suddenly _licks_ down his neck, he gasps, pushing at Sami, eyes wide.

Sami's eyes were wide as well, pupils dilating into something deeper, darker and it's all Kevin do to not rut against Sami then and there until they were both sticky and spent. Not again. He wanted _more_.

He bites at Sami's lips, taking in Sami's groan.

"Harder." Sami hisses.

It goes straight through him, cock hardening even further, and he obliges. He bites down harder and this time it's enough to draw blood. The sight of it, the smell of it, was enough to drive him mad. He kisses Sami deeply, tongue licking over Sami's, taking in the blood, groaning. Sami whimpers into the kiss, arms around Kevin's neck, keeping him close, kissing him back hard, as if trying to leave an impression of himself there.

He pulls back, disentangling himself from Sami. He pulls on Sami's arm, urging him to follow him. They'd need more room than just the room against the door (pleasant though that was.)

They get to the middle of the room. Well, _he_ does, Sami seems to stop just short of it. He turns to look at him. Sami has that hesitant look on his face again. His stomach drops.

"_No_." Kevin says, forestalling anything Sami might say. He looks at Sami as earnestly as he knows how. It had been a long time, but he hadn't truly forgotten it, nor how to do it. No one else had been

deserving of his respect, his time, his dedication, his eyes on them. No one except Sami. It had been that way for what felt like always. He had to strike him with a chair to try and get those feelings out, had to fight him for a year, had to...but none of that had been enough.

It had never been enough.

He hesitates now, trying to figure out what to say. He doesn't look at Sami. "Sami, I..." His throat closes and he works hard to clear it.

Sami walks forward, grabbing onto one of Kevin's hands. "Yeah?" He says, smiling sadly at him.

He kisses Kevin briefly, before letting Kevin's arms encircle him. After a few moments of kissing, they both work on their boots, tossing them to the side. Sami's hands work on Kevin's shorts now and he holds back a shiver at Sami's nearly delicate touch as he moves against Kevin's skin. It was like all his nerves were on fire and he could feel everything Sami did with a much greater intensity.

He steps out of his shorts, doing his best to ignore himself, ignore Sami's looks (ones he could only hope were...were not bad ones), working to remove Sami's pants, ignore the shaking in his hands. It felt both surreal and so fucking real that he didn't know how to deal with it. The pants are soon removed and thrown away, and soon Sami is all but plastered against him and for the first time that he can ever recall-as Sami's hands move around him and his around Sami's-he feels some measure of peace.

But it wasn't enough.

Not for himself, but for Sami. He had to-he had to make it right.

He does lick down Sami's neck now, taking in Sami's gasp of pleasure with a sigh of his own.

"Hurt me." He repeats.

Sami's arms tighten around him.

He can feel the tension in the air, with so so many things left unsaid between them. But for now, Sami says the most pressing thing that needed to be said:

"Yes."

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Sami looms over Kevin like a spectre, if a spectre could be somehow filled with all of the light in the world. He first roams Kevin with his eyes and they sear into him with everywhere they look. Next are his hands, touching him so gently that it makes him shiver. Then his mouth, leaving Kevin only able to moan and move up against him as his mouth moves all over his body, tongue licking down his side, teeth moving oh so softly against his thigh, so near his cock that he can

only make a keening sound, wanting Sami's mouth there (but knowing that it wasn't over yet; that it _couldn't_ be over yet.)

Then Sami bites down hard onto Kevin's thigh. He cries out, both in pain and pleasure. His hands thread through Sami's growing hair, the slightly coarse feeling against his hands yet another thing to ground him into the here and now, as the man continues to bite down his thighs.

It was sure to leave marks-and bruises-later and it was nothing less than what he wanted.

The bites were starting to leave blood welling up where Sami's teeth puncture it; the sight of it, of Sami doing all of it, Sami _licking off the blood_, has him moaning, cock full to bursting.

"You liked it, didn't you?" Sami asks darkly, pushing his tongue over one of the bite wounds he just left. "When you bled back then, when _I _did. I could taste it. Taste all of that blood over my lips as you kissed me, taste that blood when you marked my skin with it. Didn't you?"

He lets out a sound of his mouth. "Sami-" He can only say, helplessly.

Sami is still for a moment, head laid against Kevin's thigh, before moving up deliberately up Kevin's body. He lay on top of him, hot skin against hot skin, like he had always been made to be there (and it's all Kevin can do to look at Sami, to not close his eyes at all of the feelings of it being _too_ _much_. It's why he had run away to begin with...but he couldn't do so now.)

Sami kisses him, briefly but deeply. They lay there like that for a moment, with Sami's forehead pressed against Kevin's shoulder.

"Mark me." Sami finally says.

He jerks.

"I...we both need it." He says, face still pressed against Kevin. "We need it."

He wasn't wrong. And he wasn't that surprised that Sami knew what needed to be done. He had always known more than Kevin had wanted him to, once upon a time.

"I don't-" Kevin starts, hoarsely. "I don't have anything to-" Hadn't even thought about it. Had only been filled with the need to see Sami, to...well, he hadn't thought much about the after. Had only wanted. And hoped.

"I do." Sami replies back softly. "In my wrist tape. I brought it...just in case."

He stills. In his wrist tape? That whole time during the match with Cesaro? Blades were generally frowned upon in WWE now, as Vince McMahon wasn't a fan of them, but with Shane McMahon now in charge, it left more room for things like that (because while Shane was not a fan of his wrestlers getting overly hurt, he also didn't like blood capsules. It took away from the wrestlers' very real

experiences.)

Sami pulls back just enough from Kevin so he can remove a small, thin, razor blade from one of his wrists. His hand was shaking.

"I can't do it, Kev." Sami says, shaking slightly. "What if I cut too deep and I lose so much blood I pass out or something? I mean, it's not like I even __**hate**__ the guy I'm wrestling."_

"I know you don't," Kevin says, rather patiently (for him.) "Sometimes you __**won't**__ hate the guy you're wrestling-won't feel the real need to make them bleed-but you'll still have to bleed or make the guy bleed somehow; fans expect it. It gets them excited and wanting to see more."_

"But if I screw up-" He stops as Kevin's hand moves over his._

"It'll be alright. I'll be out there in your corner the whole time. I'll make sure you're okay. I promise."_

Sami's other hand tightens over the top of Kevin's.

"I'll make sure you're okay." He tells Sami now. "I promise."

Sami's eyes close. He shakes slightly, but does not push Kevin away as Kevin takes the blade, as he moves up, moving Sami down onto the floor now. He looks over Sami now, eyes moving hungrily over Sami's body, over his face, over the other man's hard cock (still so hard. Maybe even harder than before.)

He holds the blade carefully, not wanting to unduly hurt Sami. Only hurt him in the ways that mattered to the both of them.

"Look at me."

Sami's eyes open and look almost trusting at Kevin. He swallows hard against that. Despite everything...despite it all, all he had done, all he had taken, all he had _not_ taken from him...

This felt like forgiveness.

He loved him. Loved him with everything he could possibly have or ever give.

Loved him as he draws the blade down one of his arms, then the other, drawing blood, taking in Sami's pain filled gasp, loved him as he dips his fingers into the blood like it was ink, loved him as he starts to mark his own skin, his arms, with it, brushing it into his skin like the finest brushstroke.

He presses blood stained hands into Sami's bruises, digging in, taking Sami's cry into his mouth as he kisses him.

"Kevin," Sami begs. "Kevin, _please_."

"I've got you, Sami." He says, almost in wonder. "_I've got you_."

He pulls back, ignoring Sami's whine, and grabs the razorblade from

the floor, hissing as it digs into the skin at his thighs, skin still so sensitive from Sami's attentions. Blood pools up and he moves his fingers into it. And he starts to paint Sami's chest with _Kevin's_ blood.

Sami lets out a breathless sob, clutching Kevin deeper, closer to him.

"More," Sami groans. "Oh god, please more. _Please_!"

He pulls back, kissing Sami as he starts to jerk Sami's cock, loving the feeling of Sami jerking up against him, groaning into the kiss. He keeps him there like that, until Sami cries out, spurting onto Kevin's hand.

He looks at it with a gleam in his eye, licking some of it off of his hand. Salt and sweat and all Sami and all he could think of was _more_. He takes some of the spunk, coating his fingers with it. He looks down at Sami, a question in his eyes.

Sami nods, still breathing heavily.

He positions himself, moving his hand to Sami's bottom, moving a finger teasingly around the hole for a moment before pushing it slowly inside of him. Sami lets out a small groan. He works slow-now was not the time to be fast or to hurt Sami-letting Sami get used to the intrusion, before adding in a second finger, also taking time with it. Slowly Sami seems to get used to it, breathing slowing. He even starts to move against it a little when Kevin adds the third. He was sure there was still a lot of friction and burn-semen wasn't exactly the best form of lubricant, but it would do in a pinch-but it seemed to be the right thing. It seemed to ground them both to this moment, to each other. Sami looks at Kevin the whole time and Kevin can't do anything but look at him as he does so. He feels full to bursting with previously unexpressed-and ignored-emotions.

He moves now, removing his fingers, and positions himself. He stops before continuing though, looking once more at Sami.

"Are you-are you sure?" It was a loaded question.

Sami nods. "I'm sure." He replies softly.

Surely Sami had to know what the question meant, didn't he?

"I'm sure." He repeats. "I've...been sure for a long time."

He enters Sami, shuddering as the tight heat instantly surrounds him. He does his best to stay still for a moment, letting Sami get used to the larger intrusion. Eventually Sami pulls at Kevin's still stained arms, letting him know it was fine to continue on. He rocks into Sami, moving back and forth into him, taking in Sami's groans with hard, hot kisses, with a mouth that moves to suck down on Sami's neck, knowing it'd leave a mark later and only getting hotter with that thought.

It was quickly getting harder and harder to think, as he moves, as Sami moves against him, as Sami moves his hands to Kevin's back. His fingernails start to dig into Kevin's skin hard and it's all he can do to gasp and keep moving into the burning heat. It was overwhelming

him. _Sami _was overwhelming him and all he could do was-

"I love you." He gasps out, tears forming at the corners of his eyes, from both the emotion and the building pleasure. He wouldn't last much longer.

"Kevin. Kevin, Kevin, Kevin." Sami sobs out, like a mantra, tears of his own now trailing from his reddening face, red from exertion and emotion. "I love you-_oh god_, I love you too."

Catharsis.

He climaxed like that, digging deep into Sami, both on the surface and within, shouting as he shoots spunk deep inside him, seeing white as the pleasure overtakes him, makes him shake. Sami follows moments later, crying out, spunk splattering their already painted skin as he shakes with his own overwhelming pleasure.

He collapses on top of him, barely remembering to pull out his softening cock from him before he does so. He looks down at Sami's tear stained face with a tear streaked face of his own. He leans down, kissing Sami much softer now, licking the tears from Sami's lips that had strayed from his eyes.

"Thank you." He says, sincerely, choked with emotions he couldn't control if he tried. "_Thank you_." He leans his head against Sami's blood and spunk covered stomach. And cries.

Sami's arms, tiredly but firmly, wrap around his head, stroking his now sweat covered hair.

"Always." Sami replies back. "_Always_, Kevin."

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A/N: Wow. That was...quite a ride, that's for sure. Delving into these two and their relationship has been one of the most unique, challenging, and _fun_ times I had. Not that I'm saying that like I'm done with writing them, because I'm certainly not! But I just wanted to say how much I'm really enjoying them. Their dysfunction is one of the most intriguing dynamics I've read-and now written. It's fascinating. Like Kevin said, it's like a trainwreck at times, but you can't help but keep watching it.

I hope that you've enjoyed this!

Let me know what you thought! (I always love reading your guys' reviews and see what you think!)

-PhoenixJustice

End
file.